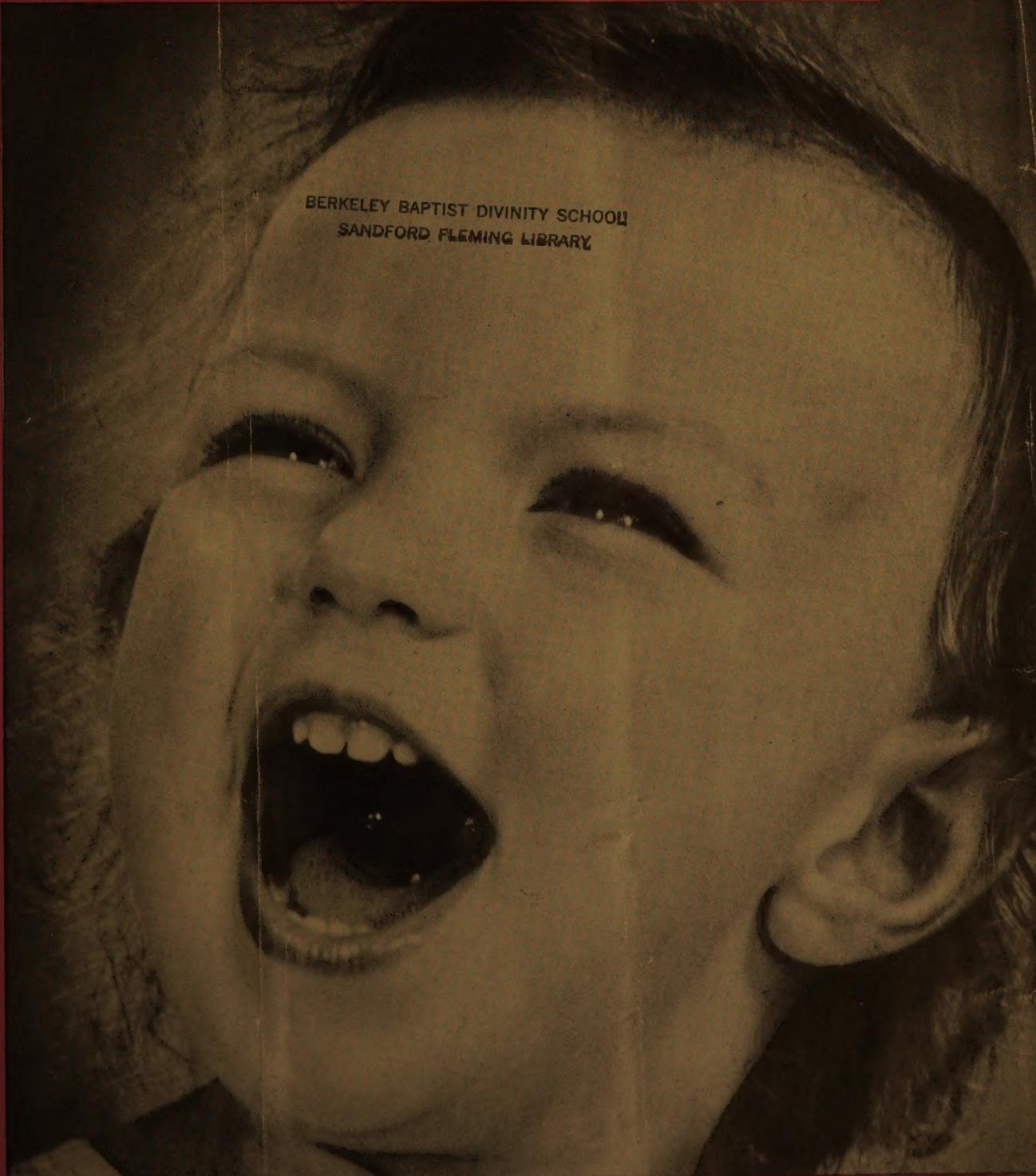


The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home
Hearthstone



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- Art for the Christian Family — *Helen Kingsbury Wallace*
- A New Role for Tommy — *Mary S. Hulbert*

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone



E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

SUE H. WOLLAM, *Assistant Editor*

NATALIE ROTEN, *Layout*

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Jessie B. Carlson, *Children's Editor*
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1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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It's Spring!

Of course, according to the calendar, spring arrived in March. But with snow still on the ground and icy winds blowing in many parts of the country, it's difficult to imagine that spring is here then.

With the advent of May, however, winter is replaced by zephyrs and cloudless blue skies. There's something refreshing and invigorating about spring, with its velvety green grass, bright colored flowers permeating the air with their perfume, birds chirping gaily as they build nests, and once-deciduous trees thick with foliage. What better time is there than spring, to start our own lives anew and become better persons!

What's Here? He had had all of his parents' love and attention until the new baby sister came. Still, things weren't so bad, even with an addition to the family. But trouble arose when Baby reached walking and talking stage and asserted herself as an individual, invading his private, personal world. Parents with a similar dilemma will find considerable help if they read "A New Role for Tommy," by Mary S. Hulbert.

Even in our modern, streamlined era, when frankness and "calling a spade a spade" are the rule, many young people still have a modicum of sex information. Of value to parents of both small children and teen-agers is "Give Them Adequate Sex Education," by Ruth Thompson Barbee.

How to cultivate art appreciation in your children and how to select suitable paintings for the home are explained in "Art for the Christian Family," by Helen Kingsbury Wallace. You'll want to read it!

Hearthstone hasn't forgotten that May is the month for honoring mothers. "Memories of Mother" is the title of our photo-feature. Loie Brandom has suggestions for feting mothers in "A Mother's Day Party."

We all know people who can be counted on to help in times of emergency. Our story, "There Is Always a Martha," is about such a person. We have two tales for the kiddies—"A Present for Jimmy" and "Special Party."

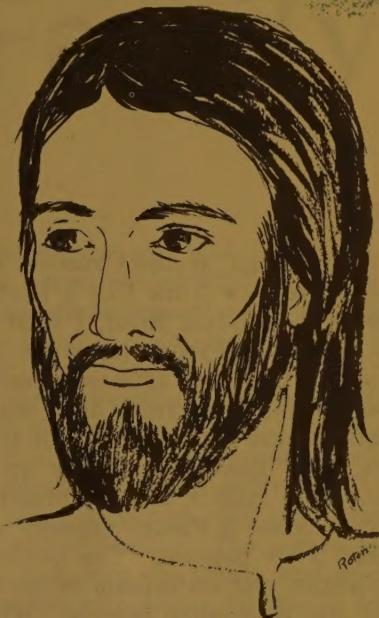
What's Coming? Look for "Summer Counts Too!"; "Fun with Family Collections"; "Will Marriage and College Mix?"; and "Overcoming a Handicap."

Till next month,

S. W.



Harold M. Lambert



Imprints

Oh, the importance of a Christian home!
Who can estimate its priceless worth?
The impressionable hearts that children have
Take on deep imprints from the hour of birth.
They grow ready to absorb the splendid truths
To hold the picture of the living Christ.
A picture that will glow throughout the years,
And its value in their lives will be unpriced.
The home is the first schoolroom of the soul.
The parents should be worthy of the name
Of master teachers, ready to impart
A knowledge fresh from heaven, and to proclaim
The love of Jesus, who will be a friend
Who will walk beside them to the journey's end.

—Grace Noll Crowell

by Helen Kingsbury Wallace



Art for

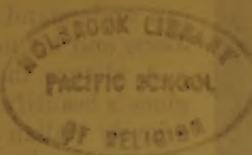
A few years ago, at the Cloisters, the wonderful art museum in New York City's Fort Tryon Park, overlooking the Hudson River, I went to see a magnificent display of French tapestries. As I paused before one of them, my attention was diverted by a small boy, standing in front of it with his mother. The young woman was pointing out to the child the exquisite, tiny flowers springing up through the grass, the little rabbits, and the bright-colored birds that help to make a French tapestry such an interesting and lively pageant. The mother was talking with animation and enthusiasm in her voice, and the little boy was responding eagerly. Who would have thought that a tiny boy would be interested in medieval French tapestries? Probably he would not have been, if his mother had not introduced and inter-

preted them to him. She presented them with such obvious interest on her own part, that her son's attention was immediately captured. Moreover, she took care to select elements in the tapestry that corresponded with the child's limited experience.

Fathers and mothers are the best interpreters of art to their children if their own perception is keen and their appreciation, genuine. Through reading, lectures, and frequent visits to art museums, they can cultivate their own taste and widen their own knowledge sufficiently to guide their children. When they know their way around the local art museum, they can take their children there on a Saturday. These visits should be brief, as nothing can be less conducive to art appreciation than to become thoroughly tired and bored. On these visits, the child's natural



"Choir Practice,"
by Lauren Ford



the Christian Family

interests should be observed and respected. For example, if a child is interested in and impressed by Egyptian art, he shouldn't be required to spend his time looking at an Impressionist painting. The desired goal is to have him come to regard a trip to the museum as a treat and to be eager to go again.

Another way that a parent can help to further the child's appreciation and knowledge of art is through the use of pictures in the home. A child's home is the part of his environment that influences him most deeply. Here his most impressionable and formative years are spent. It is in the home, through the contagion of his parents' enthusiasm, that he learns to love good books, fine music, and great art. If he forms genuine taste while he is young, he will be less likely to be greatly attracted to comic books and

cheap art. The boy or girl who really enjoys the best will not be drawn to that which is less good.

Parents are sometimes puzzled about what pictures to hang in the home that children, as well as they themselves, can enjoy. In the fields of both secular and Christian art, a wealth of subjects is available. The New York Graphic Society, 95 Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., will, upon request, send any interested parent the name and address of the nearest dealer who can supply large color prints for framing, published by the Society. The parent can then go to the shop, look over the prints, and select ones that he wants to live with daily. He should, however, bear in mind that they must be attractive to other members of the family as well.

In the Christian home, at least some of the pictures



"Adoration of the Shepherds,"
by Giorgione



"The Madonna of the Goldfinch," by Tiepolo

should be religious in character. Many wonderful subjects are available. Some Christian families have a special place for religious art: a little worship center, a consecrated corner, where the members of the family read, pray, and sing together. In such a setting, a beautiful religious picture adds inspiration. Such a corner may be in the living room, or the study, or even in a bedroom. Here the family Bible lies invitingly open on a table, and beside it is a flower arrangement in a low bowl, not easily tipped over. Behind the table on the wall is a beautiful picture. Comfortable chairs complete the worship center.

Pleasurable impressions of the Bible stories told, memories of hymns sung, habits of prayer formed will last throughout the lives of the children. And they will always remember and love the picture on the wall.

Three suggestions for pictures suitable for the Christian family are shown in the accompanying illustrations. If the children in the home are very young, they are attracted by pictures of children with their mothers or children with their pets. The "Madonna of the Goldfinch," by Tiepolo, is a picture which combines these interests. The Madonna is an unusual one, and the bird perched on the Christ child's finger adds interest for younger members of the family. The original hangs in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. A print, 20" x 16", in color, may be secured from the Graphic Society or from a

dealer whom they suggest. Even a very young child can understand that the picture represents the baby Jesus and his mother.

A picture that all the family will enjoy is Giorgione's beautiful "Adoration of the Shepherds." In a lovely Italian landscape, Joseph and Mary and two shepherds adore the child lying on the ground in their midst. The reverence of the shepherds and the proud humility of the young mother are very expressive and can be felt by the child when his attention is directed to them. This picture, too, is in the National Gallery of Art. The Graphic Society, through local dealers or directly, can supply a large colored reproduction, 24" x 30".

If parents feel that Italian Renaissance Art (Giorgione) or art of the eighteenth century (Tiepolo) is too advanced for the family to appreciate, a more modern picture, such as "Choir Practice," by Lauren Ford, may be selected. This narrative type of picture, although perhaps not great art, is appealing to children. The original is in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., and a print, 16 1/4" x 21 1/2", in color, is available through the Graphic Society or local dealers.

A charming picture for children who are accustomed to saying grace at the table is "The Blessing," or "Saying Grace," by the eighteenth-century French painter, Chardin. Here a mother stands at the table, while her two little daughters, seated, join her in thanking God for daily bread. The delicate colors of this painting and the reverent mood that it expresses make it a beautiful and an appropriate picture for the home. It would be especially suitable for the dining room, or for a child's room.

Still another appropriate picture—only one of many—is "His Omnipresence," or "Come, Lord Jesus, Be Our Guest," by von Uhde. It is a tender picture, representing Christ standing at the table of a lowly family. A large print 19" x 23 1/2", can be obtained through the Graphic Society. The original is in the Musée d'Art Moderne, in Paris.

Another means of helping boys and girls to become acquainted with art and to enjoy it is to provide them with large scrapbooks and miniature reproductions of paintings to paste in them. The Graphic Society has published many subjects—both religious and secular—in these miniatures. Children may make a scrapbook of secular subjects and one of religious ones. Pictures may be grouped by countries, by artists, by subjects, and in other ways. A child may be left to his own devices—to make the scrapbook whatever he wishes. The result may be somewhat surprising; but, in the process of making the book, he has had experience in becoming familiar with the pictures and in learning to enjoy them. Children like making scrapbooks, especially on rainy days.

Closely allied to the appreciation of pictures, is the joy of creative expression. Children should have an opportunity, if possible, to join classes in finger painting, modeling, and allied arts. They need a

(Continued on page 28)



A New Role for Tommy

by Mary S. Hulbert

"Oh, dear, they're at it again! I don't know what I'm going to do with Tommy if he doesn't stop teasing the baby! I just can't understand it," Mary said to her friend, Virginia. "We tried very hard to prepare Tommy for the baby's coming. At first he just loved to do things for her. But since Susan has learned to walk and talk, Tommy seems to resent her. He has started sucking his thumb again, and he fusses with her until I am at my wits end. I'll send him to his room."

"It's time you got really firm with him, Mary," said Virginia emphatically. "If you let him get off easily now when he hurts the baby, he'll always treat her mean. When Billy and Beth were the ages of your children, I didn't stand for any of that. I spanked Billy every time until he was afraid to go near the baby."

"Well, I don't know," said

Mary thoughtfully. "I think there must be a better solution. I believe that I'll make an appointment with Dr. Werner and talk to him about the children."

"Humph," Virginia snorted her disapproval. "I wouldn't have any outsider telling me how to raise my children! But, of course, that's up to you," she added airily as she rose to leave.

"Don't look so worried," Virginia continued. "Kids have a way of turning out all right in spite of what you do to 'em. Just let them know who's boss and use a firm hand with them—frequently, on the backside."

Mary laughed in spite of herself. As she turned to go into the house, she thought of Virginia's words. They just did not make sense. One had only to look at the countless numbers of unhappy, resentful, thoughtless people about him to doubt the truth of the statement; at the women who still were victims of their own childish fears

and resentments—the poor husbands and wives and ineffective parents.

"It isn't true," she said almost fiercely. "Kids don't 'just grow' into fine, mature men and women by accident. They have to be nurtured and helped and loved into adulthood."

Hurrying into the nursery, Mary found eighteen-month-old Susan playing happily with Tommy's trains.

"Oh, darling," said Mary, "you shouldn't be playing with Brother's trains. Be careful, won't you?"

"Want Budder's trains," said the baby happily, banging the cars on the floor.

"I probably shouldn't let her," Mary sighed, "but Tommy has to learn to share his things. . . ." With these thoughts she pushed open the door of Tommy's room. He was curled up on his rug, his thumb in his mouth and his face tear-stained. A rush of mingled

As an only child, Tommy had all of his parents' affection. Now he has to learn to share it with his baby sister.

feelings flooded Mary's mind—pity for the forlorn little figure, despair at the sight of the thumb, and frustration at the feeling that the whole thing was too much for her.

"Get that thumb out of your mouth this minute," she ordered and immediately regretted it when Tommy looked up, bewildered by the unusual sharpness in her tone.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said quickly, gathering him into her arms. "But it's a dirty thumb to go into your mouth. Let's go wash it, and you can help Mommy get supper. Now, run! I'm going to catch you!" Setting the boy on his feet, she chased him into the bathroom amidst great giggling and laughter.

"I'll have to hurry to have supper ready by the time Dan gets here," she thought a few minutes later as she found the silverware for Tommy to put on the table. Working busily at the sink, she did not miss Tommy until she heard his shriek of rage from the nursery.

"Mommy, Mommy," he sobbed. "Look what Susan did to my train!" As Mary hurried into the room, she found Tommy's fists flying and the baby screaming in rage.

She fought for control, but she heard her voice rising above the din. "Stop it! Stop it!" She was almost screaming as she jerked Tommy away from the baby and began to shake him vigorously.

Just at that moment the door opened, and Dan walked in. He gave a low whistle as he surveyed the scene.

"What on earth . . . ?" he began, but at that Mary burst into tears.

"You handle it then," she flung over her shoulder. "I've had this madhouse all day."

Back in the kitchen she heard Dan's voice remonstrating with Tommy.

"Perhaps Virginia's right.

Maybe he should be spanked hard," she thought. "But he's always been such a wonderful child—so lovable and sweet until this came along. Something has got to be done. I'll talk to Dan about it tonight."

After the children had been put to bed, Mary went down the steps and sat on the big stool beside Dan's workbench. She began to talk about Tommy's jealousy of the baby; the quarreling; Virginia's visit; her own misgivings and doubts as to the best way in which to handle the situation; and then suggested that they consult outside help.

"That's a load off my mind,"

Dan grinned at her. "I've been meaning to talk to you about the same thing, Mary. Tomorrow I'll make an appointment with Dr. Werner at the Family Counseling Service."

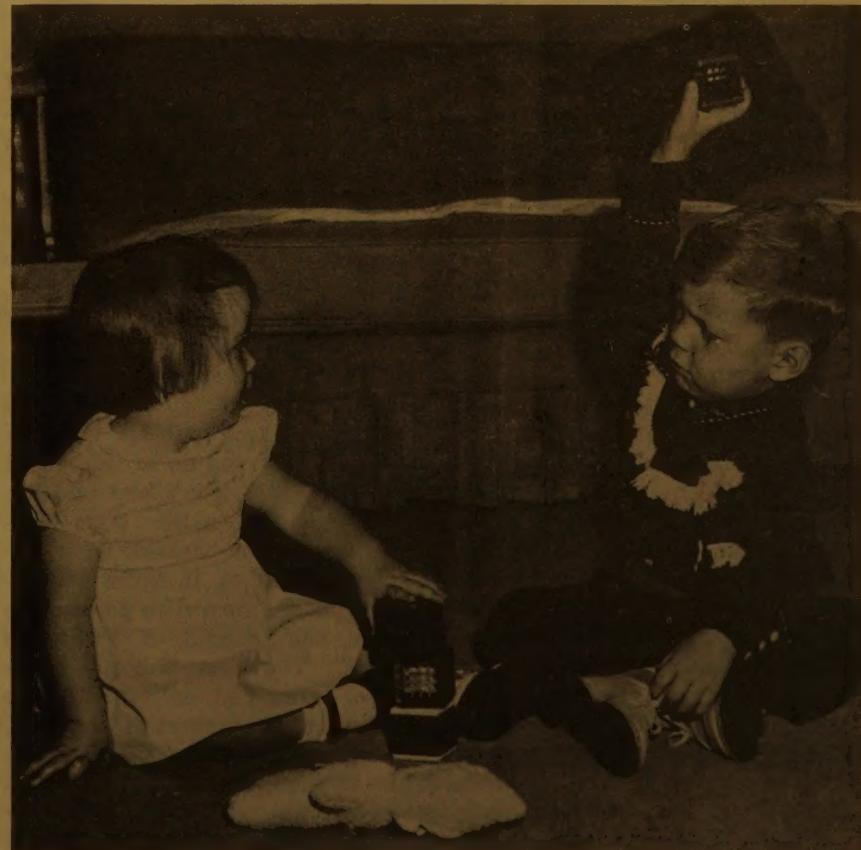
A week later they were seated in the doctor's office.

"I don't believe that you have a serious problem on your hands," he said, "but I'm glad that you came to me before it had a chance to become serious. If you follow a few simple suggestions, I think that the situation can be cleared up fairly easily.

"The jealousy between brothers and sisters is common to all families. Frequently, it is first noticed

Tommy resents his baby sister's playing with his toys. For one thing, she does not know how to handle them carefully, and Tommy does not want them to get broken. As an analogy to this situation, you would not want someone to take your best china dishes and break them ruthlessly.

—Photo by erb



at the birth of a second child, or, as in the case of Tommy, when the baby begins to walk and talk, and to make a real place for herself in the life of the family. At either of these times an older child may feel a real or imagined threat to his security.

"Fortunately, you realized the importance of preparing your child for the coming of another. The job of keeping sibling jealousy at a minimum is never over. Frequently, the child who seems not to resent the second baby may be smoldering inside with hidden resentments. This condition may be even more serious than the one where jealousy is openly expressed."

"There's nothing hidden about Tommy's jealousy, Doctor," said Dan with a rueful smile. "At least it's good to know that this type may be less harmful."

"The chances are it won't become really harmful unless you try to make Tommy feel guilty about it," said Dr. Werner. "Above all, help him to understand that his feelings are natural. When he's jealous and is punished for it, he feels guilty. Then he resents having to feel guilty, and his resentment and jealousy and guilt all pile up on him. Naturally, he wants to strike out against what he feels to be the source of all his troubles—his little sister."

"But you can't ignore him when he attacks Susan," broke in Mary. "How are we going to stop him without creating guilty feelings?"

"You can't ignore his conduct," answered the doctor, "but you can let him know that you understand how he feels, and you can set about trying to remove some of the sources of his jealousy. When you see him about to deliver a blow, calmly say, 'Tommy, I know just how you feel sometimes. You think that Mommy spends so much time doing things for Susan that she doesn't have time to play with you anymore, and you feel as though you'd just like to hit Susan *hard*. But you know how much Daddy and Mommy love you. And you know that you have a big job helping to keep the baby happy so that we

can all have more fun together. Why don't you take your things in your room to play? This afternoon while Susan is asleep, I will read to you!'"

"Well, that's a different idea," mused Mary to herself.

"That brings us to another point," continued the doctor. "Be sure to take some time every day for him alone. Maybe during Susan's nap you could set aside a special play period for Tommy. Only a few moments are necessary, really, but set aside some time each day for just the two of you to share. Do some special things with him which Susan is too young to do, such as a hike through the woods with Daddy or a day in the city with one of you. Explain that these special privileges are his because he is growing up, and that he may expect more of them as he continues to grow and act like a big boy."

"He's been begging me to show him how to make things in the shop," said Dan. "Perhaps I could let him begin to use a few of my tools now."

"Good," replied Dr. Werner. "He's too little to handle most of them, but you can get special children's tools with blunt edges which would please him almost as much. Working together on something would help you discover new and interesting things about each other.

"Speaking of your workshop," continued the doctor, "have you considered the possibility that Tommy feels about his toys as you do about your tools, and until his sister came he could play with them when and as he pleased? Now he suddenly is forced to share his treasured possessions with someone who doesn't know how to use them and who spoils all his fun."

"Why, of course! That's exactly how he must feel," said Dan suddenly as the idea caught him. "The poor little tyke! But Dr. Werner, doesn't he have to learn to share his things? How are we going to teach him that?"

"Of course he will have to learn to share if he is going to be happy in this world," the doctor

said kindly, "but perhaps he is not at the point in his development when it is natural to learn sharing. Some children are ready to learn certain social skills and habits long before others. Because of the present situation with his little sister, that probably is not the best time for Tommy. He already feels jealous and a little insecure about her presence; and when he is forced to share his precious toys, that's a little too much. Why not let him have certain things for his very own? Give him a toy chest or a drawer which can be locked. Give him the key and let him keep his favorite things locked away until he wants to share them. This is just a stage in his development which he will pass through; and as his feelings for his sister improve, he will want to share willingly. When gifts are given to the children, make it clear to them that some of the things are just for Tommy, some for Susan, and some to be used together. At certain times when you can play with both of them, ask Tommy if he would like to bring some of the toys from his drawer, and let him learn to share while you are there to guide the play and protect his toys. As his sister gets older and learns to respect his things, they will be able to play together without so much difficulty. Does this throw any new light on this old problem?"

"I'm sure it does!" said Mary happily and Dan nodded in agreement. "Thank you so much for your time and interest. I have a better understanding of the problem and a greater confidence with which to tackle it."

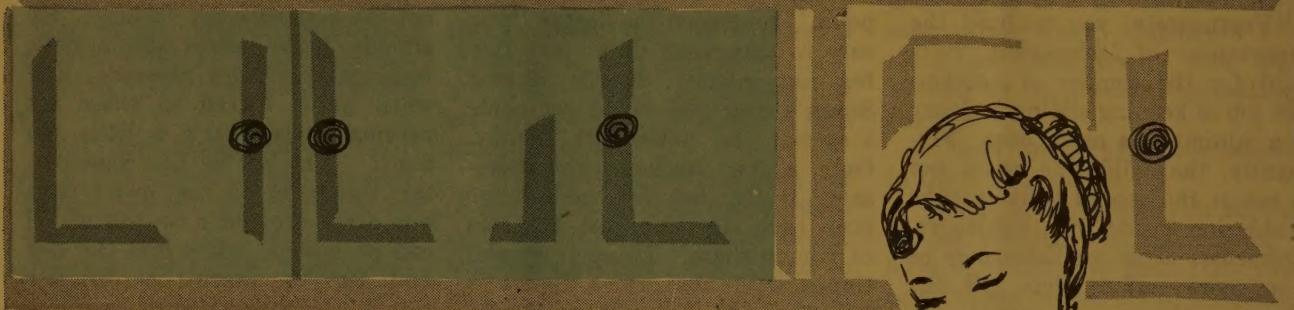
Dan and Mary were thoughtful as they drove back to their little house.

"I'll have Mrs. Harvey stay with the baby one afternoon this week," Mary said. "I'll take Tommy into the city, and we can meet you for dinner—just the three of us."

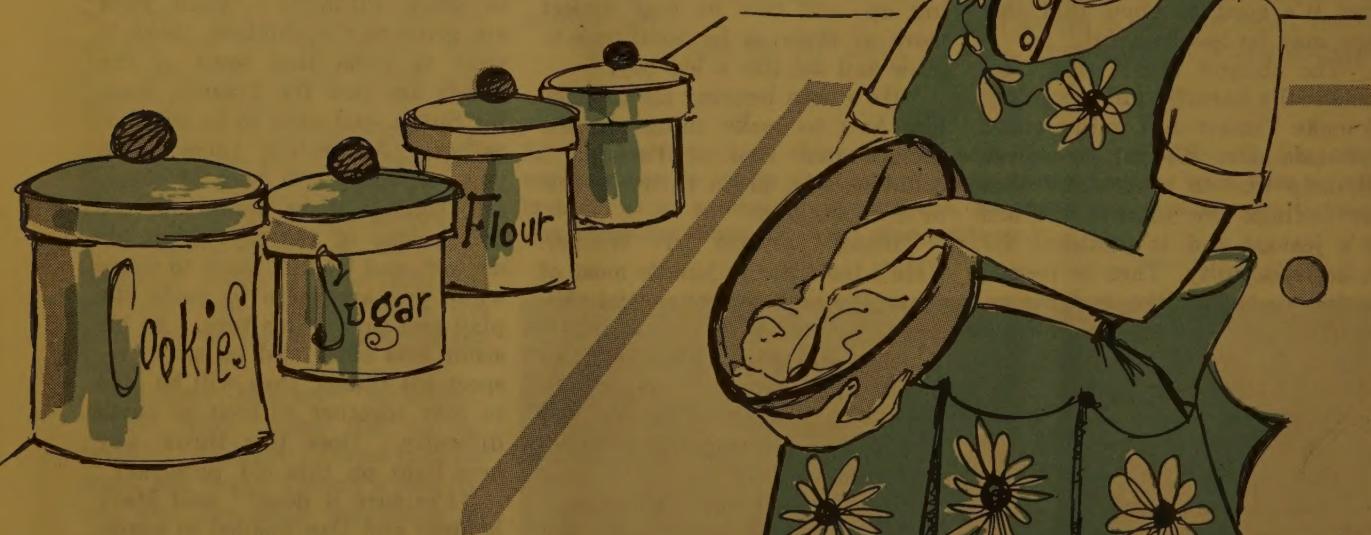
"I've got to get busy on these porch steps," said Dan, as they went into the house. He smiled at Mary as their eyes met. "Perhaps Tommy and I can fix them some Saturday morning."

There is always a

MARThA



by Frances P. Reid



The letter was propped against Bill's cup on the breakfast table. As she spooned marmalade, set the timer for the eggs, and slid toast into the oven, Martha turned a baleful eye on the missive. In the upper left-hand corner were the words Class of 1927 Reunion Committee. The postmark was Fairhaven, Missouri.

Might as well be Pakistan, Martha mused. *I'd know as much about it or about Bill's early years.*

"On my way down, Martha," Bill shouted from the bathroom. The old signal to pour the coffee and butter the toast. Hastily, Martha ran her fingers through the dark wings of hair and brushed the crumbs from her apron.

"She knew just where I belonged," Martha mused. "In the kitchen. If I could just crawl into the flour bin and disappear!"



As they entered the drawing room of the president's home, Martha steeled herself to meet the test of the receiving line.

If he just won't read it before breakfast. Just a few minutes longer—

"You know something, Mrs. Cooper," Bill's voice boomed in the doorway. "I have a hunch that this is going to be a super day. Mail here?"

Martha pointed to his place and waited tensely.

"Well, what do you know!" Bill ripped open the envelope, and ran his eyes quickly over the first page.

"This is great—absolutely great. You'll get to meet the whole gang, Martha. Penny, Sticko—" His voice surged on, recalling names out of the past that Martha would never share.

"Bill, I know it will be fun, but you don't need me to go. I don't know any of them." She didn't say, but the silence added, "I never went to college, and besides you had another wife then."

"Now, wait a minute, Mrs. Cooper," Bill's voice stopped her. "This is for the class and/or husbands and wives. Of course, you're going. After listening to me tell about the corny pranks we played and suffering through the times I've sung 'Maroon and Gold' in the shower the last twenty-five years—"

"But, Bill, I—I—maybe someone should stay here and look after things, take calls at the office and—"

"Well, of course, if you don't want to go—" The hurt in Bill's voice was like Timmy when he lost the relay race.

Now I've gone too far, Martha

thought. *I've hurt him.*

"Bill, I'd love to go, it's just that—"

"Well, that's more like it. Now, let's see. If we leave the end of May, we can take a side trip through Estes Park. You'll need a new dress, won't you, honey, for the class banquet and the president's reception?"

No one will see me, Martha muttered. They'll be too busy recalling campus romances, re-living homecoming games, slapping each other on the back, and shouting. What will I say? And do?

When Bill had come to Pocatello, Idaho, in the fall of 1929, an engineer without a job or any prospects, Martha had been working in the bakery. Over his daily purchase of a sweet roll and the every-third-day loaf of bread, they became acquainted. Suspecting his strained finances, Martha used to slip in an extra cookie now and then. When Bill tried to pay her, Martha always insisted that it had been an oversight.

The day he landed a job with the Allison Electric Company, Bill asked for a date. They had gone to the Chieftain to a movie and for a drive afterward. As they drove past the campus of Southern Branch College, Bill began to talk about Fairhaven, his college town. Gradually, he had added bits about his four years there and the sweetheart he had married in his junior year.

"She died from a strep infection right after graduation. That was before we know about penicillin—" Bill's terse account had ended.

But he didn't seem to want to say any more about the past, and Martha had been glad. With only a high school diploma to claim, she had been shy and self-conscious. In all their years of marriage, they had never been near a crisis until now.

Interrupting the flow of her thoughts, Bill brushed her cheek lightly and ruffled the upswept

pompadour of curls, "I love you, stay-at-home gal."

When Mary, their married daughter, came in for mid-morning coffee, Martha broke the news. "Oh, Mother, it's wonderful. You'll have such fun," Mary effervesced. "I can just see Dad now in the old 'one-two' routine. Can I help you to get ready?"

"Mary, I don't want to go. I won't know what to talk about. What will I say when they mention certain profs, plays, parties, and—"

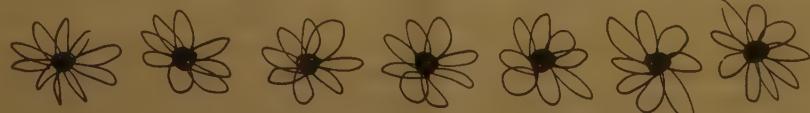
"But you must. Dad would be heartbroken without you."

Miserably, Martha nodded. Before now, she had often felt impelled to comment that the Coopers led a charmed life—Bill, Mary, Tim, and she. Even Tim's overseas service during the Korean conflict had not broken the circle. When Mary and Tim married, their mates became a part of the magic circle.

"Well, I guess you're right, Mary. But—" But I'm scared, she wanted to say.

Bill dug out his college pennant and plastered it across the rear window of the car. He began to wear his club pin again in an obvious spot on his lapel, and he even rustled around in search for his class ring. Made for the third finger, the heavy gold crest crowded his little finger.

When the day for departure came, Martha huddled in her corner of the front seat. As the miles fled by, she tried to respond to Bill's glowing commentary on the countryside. Late spring in Utah—uranium prospectors outside of Grand Junction—the muddy Arkansas River flowing past neglected gold diggings. Every night brought her nearer, and she held on to each day like a reprieve. With every mile Bill's excitement mounted, and he seemed to look younger by the minute. Now and then he broke into a raucous football yell or sang off-key snatches of "Maroon and Gold."



Illustrated by Joan Fredman

As they approached the campus at Fairhaven, ivy-clad buildings came into view. Martha thought again, *I don't belong. I never did, and I never will. What if someone asks where I took my B.S. or M.A. or—I don't even know what all the degrees are or what they stand for.*

Too soon Bill was drawing up before a tall, white-columned house. The weathered old bricks, the vine-laced cupolas, the diamond-paned glass in the alcove spoke of a mellow existence far from a brash, raw, western railroad town. Generations of stately, educated people must have walked through those doors, Martha reflected. *Should I bow, curtsey, or prostrate myself? A house like this probably has a butler, an upstairs maid, a valet, and—*

"Good morning. Won't you come in?" The woman with the gentle waves in her silver-tipped chestnut hair wore a freshly laundered gingham (just like I have at home, Martha noted).

Bill, the sure one, was having trouble with his voice, "This is the place for the old grads to meet isn't it? I mean, class of '27. I'm Bill Cooper. You're Genevieve Sarclleur, aren't you?"

"Bill, of course. Why didn't I recognize you? And this is Martha. Oh, my dear, we've all been so anxious to meet Bill's wife. Do come in." The door opened wide on a long polished hallway.

Stepping into the cool rooms, Martha felt hot, dusty, and alien to the atmosphere. Ahead of her, Genevieve rambled on, "I'm so rushed this morning that I haven't good sense. Phone ringing, flowers to order, reservations to make. And cookies to bake for the reception. Martha, my dear, could you give me a hand? I'll never get those pastries made otherwise."

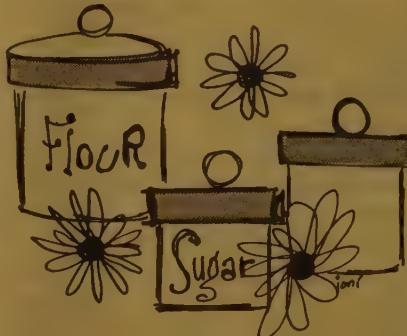
There was a moment to hand the bags to Bill, and then Martha was being led toward the wide, curving stairway that wound upward. Over her shoulder Genevieve called to Bill, "The men are at the Gridiron Club. You'll want to go there, Bill."

Showing Martha into a large airy room with adjoining bath,

Genevieve disappeared momentarily and then reappeared with an apron in one hand, a list in the other. While Martha washed the grime of the road from her face and hands, noting ruefully that she looked like "something the cat had dragged in," Genevieve chattered on about the plans for the afternoon reception and the formal dinner that evening.

Martha had the feeling that a strong wind was blowing her along as she swathed herself in the cobbler's apron and followed Genevieve down the back stairs toward the kitchen. Beside her the harried hostess was asking, "Martha, could you tell me how to unmold these salads in a hurry?"

"Dip it in hot water, shake gently, then turn upside down," Martha said automatically. *Oh, why did I ever come?*



"Martha, you're a lamb, an absolute godsend. I never should have promised to make cookies for the reception, for they need to be really special, and frankly, dear, I'm not much of a cook. Could you suggest an easy recipe?"

"Well, I always make Lazy Daisy for Bill. I guess I could whip up ginger creams or—"

"Would you, dear? The canisters are here—the flour, sugar, baking powder on the shelf—"

Then Martha was alone in the big kitchen. Tentatively, she touched the glossy seasoned wood of the cupboards. *I'll break some antique sure.*

She knew just where I belonged, Martha mused. *In the kitchen. If I could just crawl into the flour bin and disappear!*

Gradually, as she kneaded, patted, pricked, and rolled, the lines eased in her face, and she began to hum "Home on the Range."

Bill always liked that fruit punch I make, too. If there are the fixings, I could stir it up, and meringue tarts.

Vaguely, she noted that Genevieve was packing the cookies, as each batch cooled, and that unnamed individuals came and went from the back door, carrying away the fragrant loads. Through it all ran Genevieve's repeated, "Hurry, hurry—the reception tables will be ready. Take it to the butler's pantry in the president's home. Careful—watch that punch bowl and the cups—"

When Bill burst into the kitchen at four, Martha was backing away from the oven and mopping a wet brow. Absentmindedly, she turned a cheek to his kiss. "Martha, aren't you ready?"

"Oh, Bill, can't I just stay here. I could clean up the mess and—"

"I should say not, Mrs. Cooper. You're coming with me—now!"

A glance at the clock on the electric range showed her it was too late to don that new dress. Wearily, Martha brushed her hair back from a damp forehead, noting that the curl had wilted in the heat of the kitchen, the long trip overland had dried her skin, and her eyes looked sunken. Half-heartedly, she dusted powder on her cheeks, dabbed a bit of lipstick on trembling lips, and turned to go. What difference would it make?

As they entered the drawing room of the president's home, Martha steeled herself to meet the test of the receiving line.

"So nice to know you, Mrs. Cooper. You've made a real westerner out of Bill." The eyes that looked into hers were kind, but Martha felt even more awkward as she mumbled an answer and moved on.

"You're the angel who saved the day for us." The regal woman, clasping Martha's hand, bent to whisper in her ear, "My dear, the cakes, the cookies, and the punch for the reception are magnificent. Genevieve's told me all about you." Aloud, she added, "Bill's a very lucky fellow, indeed."

(Continued on page 30)



So Your Teen-ager's Going Camping

by Dorothy G. Swain

Dave's grandmother looked up from reading the letter that Dave's mother had just handed her.

"The boy's unhappy!" she exclaimed. "You ought to go to camp this afternoon and get him. Poor child. He sounds so homesick."

"He'll get over it," Dave's mother replied in a matter-of-fact way. "It was only a spur-of-the-moment unhappiness. I can picture just how it happened. I wasn't a camp counselor six years for nothing. I've seen this kind of situation before."

"What do you mean? He sounds miserable. You ought to bring him home."

"Oh, I'm sure it was just one of his moods. Did you notice how he started off the letter with 'I have a good tent'? Apparently, all was serene at that time. Then, two sentences later, he added, 'I just had a fight about a canoe.' You know how Dave is—like a thundercloud if some such incident comes up. When he settled down to continue the letter, I bet he was still boiling."

Dave's mother picked up the letter and read aloud, "'I am not having much fun this year. I wish I could go home. It is lousy here. There is a boy here who is mean. Love, Dave.' You see, that unhappy note came into his letter after the canoe episode. He was still angry. I bet that if he were to write me now, he'd be all smiles again. After all, he's an adolescent, and you know how changeable adolescents are!"

"Then you don't think this is serious?"

"I should say not! This is a time when Dave should work out his own solutions and his parents should keep hands off. I remember some parents coming to get their daughter at a camp where I was

a counselor. She had written a homesick letter, they said, and they had come to rescue her. When she saw them, she was disgusted and didn't want to go home; she had become well-adjusted and happy. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since she had written the letter."

Fortunately, Dave's mother had had experience in youth camps. She was familiar with the situations that arise. She knew which ones to take seriously and which ones to ignore. She recognized that camp gives youngsters an opportunity to work out problems of adjustment on their own.

Many parents have not had Dave's mother's experience in camping. They may even think that "sending them off to camp" is all that is involved. They do not realize that, if they themselves play their part well, their teen-ager's camping experience will yield dividends for them as well as for the camper.

What is "their part" and how can they play it well? Here are a few hints.

First of all, helping the young person prepare for camp is important. This involves more than filling out a registration form and buying camp clothes. Preparation should involve the development of a positive attitude toward and about camp on the part of parents as well as campers.

"This is the first time that Mary Louise has ever been away from home," said Mary Louise's mother on the first day of camp, as she talked with the camp director in Mary Louise's presence. "We're nearly as excited about it as she is! We've heard of some of the wonderful things you make and do, and Mary Louise has promised to listen and learn enough for

the whole family, so that we can do some of the things together when she returns home." Mary Louise's chance of happiness at camp was good. She was bound to take an active interest in as many programs as possible because she was learning not only for herself but for her whole family as well. Rather than expressing doubts as to how both Mary Louise and the family would "make out" during her absence, Mary Louise's mother had spoken often of her interest in the camp and her hope that Mary Louise would bring part of her experience back for the whole family to enjoy.

Camp officials strongly recommend that boys and girls who have never spent a night away from home be given an opportunity to do so before going to camp. A night at a grandparent's, at an aunt's, or at a chum's home is an excellent way of preparing the young person for a week of nights at camp. This will also prepare parents for that unreal quiet that settles over the house when the children are away.

When the teen-ager is at camp, however, the parents will have an opportunity to discuss freely his physical, social, and intellectual progress, and make long-range plans to help him overcome his weak points. Also, if there are some activities (such as entertaining business acquaintances) which are not adaptable to the participation of the entire family, this is an excellent time to "catch up" on them.

If a "fun" invitation (such as a swimming party or hot dog roast) should be extended to the entire family while the teen-ager will be away, the parents should try to postpone it until he is at home. The prospective camper should not be teased with phrases such as, "Certainly wish you could be with us . . . it's a shame you'll be away and miss the fun." With thoughts like these put into his mind, the camper is likely to agree that it is a shame he'll be away, and his camping experience will be marred by a negative attitude.

Bill's older brother filled him with wild tales of camping. Bill was a sensitive boy, full of fears. Bill secretly worried at the possibility of camp stunts. His father assured him, however, that most campers are too busy to play tricks on people. His father explained further, that if by chance a few tricks were played, they were usually played on boys who everyone knew were good sports and "could take it" with a smile. Certainly, this point of view made Bill feel less nervous about possible tricks; for he was shown that tricks were played for fun, and not to make a person feel foolish or unwanted.

Parents should accept camp conditions, even though they aren't ultramodern. Such statements as, "I think it's terrible that they don't have indoor toilets here" will make the camper feel sorry for himself. Lingering good-bys are dangerous, for both parent and camper. If, on the other hand, the camper enters the camping spirit eagerly, with hardly a good-by, parents need not interpret it as an insult to the home. This is a sign that the young person is well prepared for camp and likely to have a wholesome and helpful camping experience.

The empty house prompts most parents to write immediately to their camper. But some parents, reasoning that their teen-ager is to be away from home only a week, deem letters unnecessary. Although this may *sound* logical, it is unrealistic. Everyone at camp longs for mail. Campers take pride in being remembered, and a daily communication from home will do wonders for their morale. If they are not recognized at mail call, they not only feel forgotten and unloved; they feel that they have lost status in the camp group.

What to say when writing to campers is important. One mother said, "I try to make life at home sound so humdrum that Elinor won't get homesick from reading my letter." Other less understanding parents thoughtlessly describe the baby's latest sickness, the dog's death, or a surprise visit from Aunt Sue—expressing regret that the camper was not on hand for the latter. This results in making the camper feel unhappy and anxious to leave camp. To be sure, a letter from home must show affection; it should never give the camper cause to feel "shoved out of the nest." Love and concern, however, may be expressed without resort to the kind of sentimentality that breeds homesickness.

Many parents have an impulse to visit camp "to see if John or Anne is all right." They do not stop to think that if John or Anne is not "all right," the camp officials would have notified them! Any camp director's heart sinks when, at vespers time, or taps, or morning chapel, parents arrive at camp saying, "We were just driving by and thought we'd like to see Sandra."

Certainly, a teen-ager will miss his home and family to an extent, especially during his first trip away from home; but young people who continue year after year without improving their adjustment away.

(Continued on page 28)

Young people's camping experiences can enrich the life of the whole family.

—Minrod



Give them adequate



SEX EDUCATION



by Ruth Thompson Barbee

Spring was in the air. Why go home to a stuffy apartment when an empty park bench stood invitingly near? For a few minutes I relaxed and breathed deeply the fresh spring air as I feasted my eyes on the banks of fairy-like pink and white dogwood blossoms. The birds were flitting to and fro. Somewhere nests were being hidden. It was mating time.

My attention was drawn to a young couple sitting on the lush green grass, throwing pebbles into the nearby lake. As I watched their glowing faces, I knew that they were in love—beautifully, gloriously in love.

Not far away sat a young mother with her baby in her arms. In front of her a small boy was playing happily with his little sister, who toddled gleefully about trying to dodge her brother's shel-

tering arms. Once she tumbled down and began to cry. I could hear little brother tenderly say, "Don't cry! Mommy will kiss it well." As they left the park, hand in hand, I knew that somewhere their daddy worked gladly for this little family. They were in love—unselfishly, victoriously in love.

Then came a white-haired gentleman with his gentle lady walking proudly by his side. I watched them as they selected a secluded spot in the sun and spread out a picnic supper. I saw how tenderly he seated her upon the pillows that he had placed for her. I bowed my head as they gave thanks in words which I could not hear. They, too, were in love—devotedly, eternally in love.

As I lingered, the twilight

faded. The park emptied. The bright lights came on at the corner drive-in. Soon the blaring music from the juke box drowned out all other sounds. Cars began to fill the parking area. Beer bottles appeared on trays. The scene began to change. That which a few hours before had been beautiful and wholesome soon would become cheap and ugly. Young and old, from dusk till dawn, would come and park and go. They would call it love—free, sensual, devastating love; but I knew it to be degrading, heart-breaking passion, born out of frustration and loneliness.

I walked away, sobered by my racing thoughts. How can we teach our children to distinguish between the wholesome ways and the baser ways by which they can satisfy the compelling drive to

love and to be loved? How—when they are bombarded so continually with cheap, commercialized sex appeal?

The answer isn't easy!

A young couple sought guidance because they had been trained so rigidly to say "No" that they were unable to say "Yes" and find physical and psychological satisfaction in married love.

A 14-year-old girl became pregnant on her first date because she knew practically nothing about sex.

A college couple who "had to get married" couldn't make a go of the marriage into which they had been trapped because they "knew all the answers—including birth control."

A frigid husband lost his warm, affectionate wife because he didn't know how to be affectionate. He had never seen his parents hold hands, embrace, or kiss each other. He was following the only pattern he knew, and it wasn't good enough.

A young bachelor felt driven into a homosexual relationship because, at the age of 12, his father had told him the facts of life and threatened to kill him if he ever got a girl in trouble.

An unhappy old maid complained that her mother had ruined her life by filling her with abnormal fears of childbirth. "I was afraid to get married. Now it is too late!"

Many more examples might be given to illustrate the great damage unwittingly done, or left undone, in the realm of sex education; but somehow, on down through the ages, parents have done a pretty good job in this area of human relationships. In spite of the mounting divorce rate and the alarming number of juvenile delinquents, the American home for the most part is happy and secure from these threats, and Christian homes enjoy an even wider margin of safety.

How can Christian parents and teachers guide their children into sexual security and maturity? May we recall for you a few broad principles of sex education and urge you to use the many fine

books and articles available on this subject so that you will be prepared to cope with the child's growing needs as they appear.

First, teach them that *sex is one of the normal functions of the whole body*, as necessary as breathing or eating. Sex isn't confined to special organs of the body any more than food is confined to the stomach. A girl isn't a castrated boy. Male and female are psychological, as well as physiological entities. Teach them to be proud that they are a boy or a girl. Untold damage can be done by parents who say—and keep on saying, "We wanted a boy, but we had to settle for a girl." Teach your boys to be masculine and your girls to be feminine.

Sex training begins at birth, not with the onset of puberty. The

tender loving care a baby gets has a marked effect upon its ability, years later, to give and receive tenderness. The way a baby is fed, diapered, and trained is a part of its sex education. It learns that body functions are natural and good—or disgusting and troublesome. The whole body learns to respond to or withdraw from the human touch. The three-year-old girl learns that Father's whiskers feel good on her cheek, and the boy learns that Mother's soft arms about him bring comfort in his hours of distress. Wholesome maturity will bring a natural transference of these responses to a chosen mate.

Teach them that *sex is more than passionate embraces*. It is courtesy and kindness in everyday social responses. The father and

Teach your young people that true love is not found illicitly in parked cars, but in mutual sharing, understanding, and good times together.

—Photo by erb



mother who are habitually affectionate and attentive to each other, who love, honor, and cherish daily, are teaching their children by their example the real meaning of sex. They need have little concern about the sexual responses of their children. There is a permissive atmosphere in such homes that invites closeness and encourages the self-confidence so necessary to sexual harmony in marriage. These children will come to their parents for sex guidance as naturally as they come to them for guidance in other problems. Nor need such parents worry if their children seem to have no sexual problems. They should have few such problems because their attitudes are right. They can find the factual knowledge in magazines and books, and understanding comes as the need arises.

Teach them that questions about *sex need expression, not repression*. Why do we find it so hard to put into words the great emotions of tenderness and love! Marriages fail for lack of ability to communicate these feelings.

Parents who complain that their children do not confide in them may need to learn that conversation is a two-way channel. The quiet, shy child may have parents who do all the talking, who put words into his mouth from infancy to adulthood. "Tell the lady thank you." "Sing your song." "Recite your story." Some children never have a chance to finish a sentence without interruption from a too-careful parent. Small wonder that these repressed children respond to devious sexual patterns.

Learn the art of listening, and your children will talk to you. Help them learn to communicate emotions of joy and warmth—not anger and rebellion. Try not to belittle or make light of their budding emotions. If they can learn to express in words their love for you and others, you need not be anxious about them settling for less than the best in marriage.

Teach them that *sex is to be used, not abused*. Sex, that mysterious response of one human being to another, does not find its

highest expression in parked automobiles. The football player may feel it as he responds to the cheers of the grandstand in a new burst of speed; the CYF speaker may feel it as he leads the spiritual thoughts of the group and respond at the close of the meeting as he welcomes the newcomer as a friend; the boy and girl feel it as they share their ideals and ambitions in a quiet talk. Sex responses on such high levels bring an inner glow that motivates and inspires youth to constructive action. Sex responses on a low level tend to block and inhibit the process of growing up.

As one girl said, "I thought the other girls were wasting their time in group activities and lessons, while I was 'living it up.' Now I can see that I was the dumb one.



I failed in school. Decent boys won't date me. Nice girls can't afford to chum with me. I wish I could move away and begin again."

"But," you say, "think of the damage she has done! The fifteen years of good work that we have done with our son can be undone in fifteen minutes by this painted, voluptuous blonde." How can we compensate for the parents who do not seem to realize or care what is happening to their child?

That is where the church can help you.

It teaches that *sex control means inner control—not outer authority*. Chaperons and curfews are fine, but there comes a time when each youth is on his own. The controls must be set long before the testing time comes, so that they take over automatically and avert disaster.

It teaches youth that personal

purity is its most priceless possession. Once lost, it can never be recovered. It sets before youth the goal of happy marriage as one of life's highest achievements. It helps them establish patterns of dating consistent with this goal.

The church teaches youth that growing up means that they must become big enough and smart enough to choose to postpone what might give fleeting pleasure today in order that they may find lasting happiness tomorrow. It helps them recognize that there always will be some who cuss, steal, talk sex, and "go all the way"—because they may not know how to be better; but they who have chosen the higher way must dare to be leaders in that way.

If your problems are too complex for you, do not hesitate to seek help from trained people. Go to your minister or your physician. They will help you, or refer you to someone trained in handling your problem; or you may write the Family Relations Institute, 1035 Juniper Street, N. E., Atlanta 9, Georgia, and they will help you contact someone near you who can advise you.

For further study:

Facts of Life for Children, by The Child Study Association. 132 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y. (Ask for their publication list.)

How to Keep Romance in Your Marriage, by W. Clark Ellzey. Association Press, New York.

Sex Manual, by Dr. G. L. Kelly. Southern Medical Supply Company, P. O. Box 1168, Augusta, Georgia.

A Story About You, by Lerrigo and Southard.

Learning About You, by Lerrigo and Southard.

Facts Aren't Enough, by Lerrigo and Southard.

The last three books are prefaced for the Joint Committee on Health Problems in Education of the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D. C., and the American Medical Association, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Memories of Mother

Photo Feature by Waltner

Mother is the mainspring of the home. She is the guide, the counselor, the comforter. It is she who knows when to praise and when to admonish and does both with the best interests of her family at heart. Ask a dozen different people what things they remember most vividly about their mothers, and you will get a dozen different answers. Each will doubtless recall some homely virtue, some everyday occurrence or trait of character which in itself seems to be a small thing but remains in the adult memory as an endearing characteristic of the mother who taught her children to be upright men and women, giving her total time and attention in the effort to train her children in the way that they should go.



Babyhood may not have memories, but the infant, secure in the subconscious knowledge of his mother's love, laid a foundation for a happy childhood.

Mother as we know her today—gentle, loving, her hands ever busy with some task for her family, though they may be grown and gone; her mind, too, occupied with memories.

Mom accepted the "help" of her young son or daughter gratefully at a time when it was more hindrance than help...

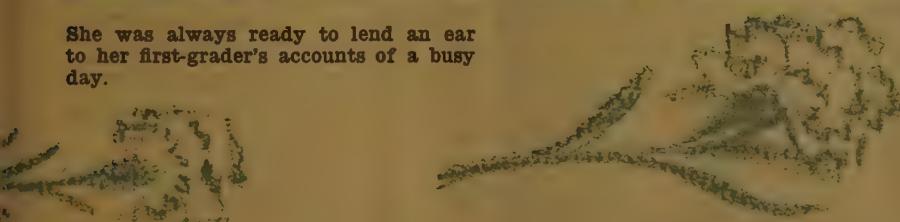




She was always ready to lend an ear to her first-grader's accounts of a busy day.



She always went to church with her children.



The "growing up" daughter discovered the joy of household tasks through sharing them with Mother.

She always had time to read stories.

Bedtime prayers at Mother's knee erased the memories of childish quarrels or misdemeanors for a night of peaceful sleep.



WORSHIP in the family with children

Theme for May:

My Family

To Use with Younger Children

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

—David W. Corson from *A. Devaney*



Dan's Family

Judy sat on the floor playing with her dolls and some of Dan's small cars. As she played she sang,

"My fam'ly goes on picnics . . ." In a few minutes she picked up a doll and put it in a car, singing as she pushed the car back and forth,

"My fam'ly rides in our car."

"What are you singing, Judy?" Dan asked.

"It's a song we sing at church," Judy answered.

She arranged dishes on the rug. Then she sang,

"My fam'ly gets dinner."

"Daddy, do you hear Judy singing?" Dan asked with a giggle.

Daddy looked at the two children.

"Yes, I hear her, son. I like what she is singing."

"But what is a family?" Dan asked.

"A family is the people who live together. In our family there are Mother, you, Judy, and me. I like Judy's song because it sounds as though she were singing about us."

"Oh," Dan said. "If families are the people who live together, I suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their dog, Blake, is their family!"

Daddy nodded, and Judy kept on singing,

"My fam'ly eats good dinner."

"Who thought of how to make a family, Daddy?" Dan asked.

"It is part of God's good plan for people," Daddy answered.

Just then Mother called, "Dinner is ready."

Daddy got up and held out a hand to Dan. Dan took Daddy's hand.

"Time to eat, Judy," he said.

As Judy came and took Daddy's hand, he said, "Now our family will do what Judy was singing about."

"I like our family," Dan said as he looked up at Daddy. "And I'm glad God thought of such a good plan," he added with a happy sigh!

To Use with Older Children

Bedtime Prayer

Another day has ended,
A happy, busy day.
Thank you, God, for all our fun,
For work and play.
And if sometimes I failed to be
Loving and kind,
And when Mother called me
I forgot to mind,
Please forgive me, Father.
Tomorrow I pray,
Help me to remember
To find a better way.
Be with all my family,
Keep them in your care;
Give to all a restful sleep
Everywhere.

—Margaret Clemens McDowell¹

Little Prayer for a Big World

Lord, bless my family,
Dear and sweet,
And bless the neighbors,
Down the street.
Remember, Lord,
The girls and boys
In other towns,
And give them joys.
Lord, bless the people
Far over the sea,
In China, Spain,
And Italy.
The world, dear Lord,
Is a big round ball,
Let your love encircle
And bless it all. Amen.

—Lois Snelling²

A Bible Poem

Unless the LORD builds the house,
those who build it labor in vain.
Unless the LORD watches over the
city,
the watchman stays awake in
vain.
Lo, sons are a heritage from the
LORD. . . .
Like arrows in the hand of a war-
rior
are the sons of one's youth.
Happy is the man who has
his quiver full of them!

—Psalm 127:1, 3-5

Families Are Important

Families are important! From the beginning of history, families have been a part of God's plan. As long as the earth remains, families will continue to be part of God's good plan for people.

Jesus belonged to a family, just as you do. He grew just as you grow. Read Luke 2:41-52, and try to imagine what life was like for the young boy, Jesus. There are many things that we do not know about Jesus' boyhood, but we do know that his mother loved him; that she was careful to give him good food; that she made him warm clothes; that Joseph must have worked very hard to support his family and give them all the comforts he could, as well as the things they needed from day to day.

Jesus must have been proud of his family: of the things his mother did; of Joseph's careful work. He must have said often, "My family does this," or "My family does not do that."

Look at the picture on this page. As you study it closely, what do you think is in the mind of each member of this family? You and your family might like to study it together and make a list of what

you see. Your list may be something like this:

Jesus was a careful worker.
Joseph was proud of the good
work Jesus could do.

Mary was watching Jesus and
Joseph as they worked, and
listening to them talk.
The three were happy to be
together; they enjoyed
working together.

Joseph was glad to have Jesus
use his tools.

Think about your own family
and the various persons who are
members of it. You may wish to
list some things about your own
family, and compare it with the
list you made about this picture.

Your list may be like this:

We work together.
We play together.
We worship together.
We read together.
We make music together.
We enjoy the same pleasures.
We are proud of one another's
abilities and accomplishments.

We plan surprises for one another.

We want each member to be happy.

We want each member to grow as Jesus grew.



The Son of a Carpenter

—Lafon

¹From *Story World*, 1954. Used by permission of Judson Press.

²From *Juniors*, 1954. Used by permission.

For Family Worship

Everyone responds to atmosphere. For most persons, it is easier to worship when the physical surroundings point one's thought to God. A worship center is especially helpful in creating a mood for worship on the part of children.

Try arranging a worship center in your home. Let the children help to choose where it will be placed—on a table, a wide window ledge, a mantle, or wherever it seems best to all of you. On this spot may be arranged in an attractive manner the open Bible, a beautiful picture, flowers, or whatever will emphasize the theme you wish to use.

You may plan your own family worship service, or use the suggestions given here; or you may adapt these suggestions, changing them or adding to them according to the wishes of your family, or their needs.

Call to Worship: Ephesians 3:14-19.

Song: Use your favorite hymn or song about home, or use "Home," found on p. 34 of the primary pupil's book for the first year, summer quarter.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on these pages; or choose one of the following: "We Thank Thee, Father," primary pupil's book, year one, fall quarter, p. 31; "What Makes a Home," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, p. 31; "Prayer for a Pleasant Home," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, p. 16.

Story: Use the story on p. 18 or choose from the following: "Jesus' Home," primary pupil's book for year one, spring, p. 32; "A Boy in Nazareth," junior pupil's book, year one, fall, beginning on p. 3; "I Am Glad for My Home," junior pupil's book for year one, summer, p. 14.

Scripture: Choose a favorite passage of scripture or use "Bible Rules for a Happy Home," primary pupil's book, year one,

spring, p. 41; or "Something to Think About and Do," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, p. 11.

Prayer: Use the litany on this page, arrange your own litany from the list of things about the family, found on page 19; or choose from the primary pupil's book for year one, spring, "A Prayer," p. 35; or "A Prayer for Home," p. 45.

The Love of God

Today we sing
Of God's great love,
His big, big world,
His sky above.

His love is yours
And mine to share;
The love of God
Is everywhere.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

My Family

I think—my family
Is 'most what I'd like it to be;
There's a father, a mother,
A baby, and me,
So—thank you God for my family.

I think—my family
Could grow to be bigger by three,
By adding just one kitten,
One dog, and a pony.
But—thank you God for my family.

I think—my family
Is surely as nice as can be,
With a father, a mother,
A baby and me,

But—won't it be nicer,
When it's bigger by three?
Oh—thank you God for my family.

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

—Waltner





A Present for Jimmy

by Enola Chamberlin

Darla and Harry and Trudy and Clem were planning a party. Their mothers had given them each a dollar so they could buy their own ice cream and cake or whatever they wanted for the party.

"Since Jimmy is sick, we will have to have the party at his house so he can be with us," Darla said.

Jimmy was their pal who had been ill for a long time and was still in bed.

"A party at Jimmy's house will be nice," Harry said, "only Jimmy won't be able to eat any of the party things, and we can only stay a little while. He gets too tired."

"What Jimmy wants," Clem said, "is not a party. It's a puppy."

"How can he have a puppy when he has to stay in bed?" Trudy asked.

"He can have it," Harry said. "It is all right with his mother. She just doesn't have the money to buy it, nor the money to buy food for it. And she hasn't time to see that it is fed and watered and exercised."

Darla looked up from the paper on which she had been writing down things to get for the party.

"Will our party money buy a puppy and feed it for awhile?" she asked.

"How can we have a party if we spend our money for a puppy?" Trudy asked.

"We can't," Clem said. "But won't a present for Jimmy be better than a party for us?"

"Oh, yes," Trudy said, "and I know where I can get the cutest puppy for two dollars."

"Hurrah for you," Clem said. "The other two dollars will buy dog food to last for a long time."

"And we'll take turns going over and feeding and watering and exercising the puppy," Harry said.

So Trudy and Darla bought the puppy, a cute little fellow with black spots on his white coat. They named him Buster. Harry and Clem bought the dog food. That afternoon they all went to Jimmy's.

"I'm so happy to see you all," Jimmy said

(Continued on page 28)

Special Party



by Maithel Martin

Jeannie was happy. She was skipping down the sidewalk to Mary Jo's house. Mary Jo lived near Jeannie, and they were very good friends.

Jeannie walked up to Mary Jo's door and knocked good and loud. Mary Jo's mother, Mrs. Miller, came to the door to see who was knocking.

She said, "Well, good morning, Jeannie! You look very happy today."

Jeannie smiled. "I am happy! I have come to see if Mary Jo might come to my house for a party this afternoon."

Mary Jo came into the room. She ran over to Jeannie. "What kind of party is it, Jeannie? A birthday party?"

Jeannie laughed. "No, you didn't guess it. It is not a birthday party. Mrs. Miller, can you guess what kind of party it is?"

"No," said Mrs. Miller, "I don't believe I can. It isn't a birthday party because your birthday is in January, and this is June. Jeannie, you'll have to tell us."

Jeannie was very excited and she said, "It is a very SPECIAL party. It is an adopted party!"

"What does an adopted party mean?" asked Mary Jo.

"Well, my mother and daddy told me last night. It is because I am their little adopted girl. They told me what adopting means. Once they didn't have any little girl at all, and they wanted one very, very much. Many people go to hospitals and get their little babies, but my mother and daddy couldn't. They were very unhappy, too. They had wanted a baby for a long time."

"Well, you are their little girl. How did they get you?" asked Mary Jo.

Jeannie jumped up and down because she was so excited. "I'm going to tell you about it. It is a very exciting story. One day my mother said if they couldn't get a baby the way most people do, they should adopt one. Daddy thought it was a very good idea."

"But what does ADOPT mean?" Mary Jo asked.

(Continued on page 30)

REVOLUTION

IN THE LIVING ROOM



Study Guide and Article for Parents' Groups, by Anna Laura Gebhard

The American revolution of the 1950's is occurring in the living rooms of our nation. The cause? The television set in the corner that has moved the whole world into the family circle.

The faces of the top entertainers of the nation are as familiar to my family as the face of the neighbor next door. My living room is the soapbox for every political party. The liquor and cigarette advertisers, as well as the patent medicine men and the cosmetic salesmen, use my parlor to vend their wares. The children in my home learn to chant the catchy tunes of the tobacco and beer commercials as soon as they learn to carry a tune. My family turns a button, and presto! my home has become a movie theater, a sports arena, or perchance a courtroom or the halls of the United Nations! Television brings the President of the United States into my family circle, and gives me a front seat at my favorite athletic contest.

That such an amazing instrument as the television set should have far-reaching consequences on the family life of the nation is to be expected. Television has been with us long enough now to make it possible for us to pass judgments on some of its results. Unless we want to become victims of television, we had better understand just what is happening in our parlors. We had better know how television is affecting family life.

For one thing, the family is home more. The after-school hours, when Junior and Susie used to be outdoors playing cowboys and Indians, are now spent in front of the television set watching the cowboy exploits of the experts or the "Our Gang" comedies of

a generation ago. Viewing has been substituted for doing.

Our eating habits have changed. The television snack, eaten hurriedly while one's attention is diverted to the action on the screen, and the meal on a tray have made snack trays and television tables and chairs as important as the television set itself in the living room. In one city the inception of television boosted the rug cleaning business 37 per cent over pre-television years!

Even house planning itself has changed. The old-fashioned parlor (sans television set!) is coming back in style; and the family room with sturdier furniture, easy-to-clean floors, snack corner, and television set is an important addition to new house planning.

"Sh-sh-sh" has become the great American by-word. Have you gone to visit friends and been greeted at the door by "sh-sh-sh," ushered into the darkened room, and seated before the television screen? Should someone interrupt the program with small talk or personal concerns, he is promptly "shushed" by the others. Ministers report that the greatest handicap in their pastoral calling is having to compete with the soap opera or the cowboy show on the television set.

Because the spread in the use of television across the nation has been gradual, it has been possible to conduct detailed before-and-after studies in some areas to determine the effect of television on cultural patterns. In one area it was found that family conversation and neighborly visiting fell off about 60 per cent with the advent of television. The studies

indicated that the television audience is a family audience. In 71 per cent of the homes which purchased television immediately, there were five or more family members.

Studies were made to find out the effect of the television movie on the sleep of children. These studies revealed that after seeing the movie, the restlessness of the children's sleep increased from 26 per cent to 90 per cent, depending upon the violence depicted on the screen.

Some parents have discovered that television is an ever-ready, cheap baby sitter for their children. One wonders if the feeling of being delegated or rejected and the longing for love and companionship on the part of children may not be a contributing factor to the rapid increase of mental ill health among the children and youth of our nation.

Who watches television at your house, and how much? If yours is an average home, the five- to nine-year-olds and the housewife (if she's between the ages of 20 and 34) spend the most time in front of the television set: an average of three to four hours a day, or twenty-one to twenty-eight hours a week. In other words, many elementary school children spend more time watching television than they do in the public school classroom. The age group that

watches television the least is the teen-ager, with his twelve to eighteen hours per week of viewing.

Television has affected the family in other subtle, but nonetheless far-reaching ways. The average American family at the inception of television was an urban, loosely knit, secular unit, which reflected the problems of the nation at large. This is the family of the television screen. Many families have been disturbed by the pattern of marital bickering and juvenile disrespect that characterizes some of the family shows. Most television dramas, like the Hollywood movies, accept drinking and smoking as a normal part of family life.

If we let it, television can be a ruthless instrument for creating a mass mind, a leveler of cultural and moral differences and distinctions. The values of Hollywood and New York can subtly mold the thinking and standards of my family. Or television can be a great educator. It can broaden the outlook of my family. It can show them how others live and feel. It can push back the horizons of our understanding and make us truer brothers of our neighbors because we know them better.

How, then, can the family live with TV, using it for their enrichment and education? First, remem-

The TV screen brings the nation and the world into the living room. This has both good and bad aspects.

—Photo by erb



ber that the purpose of television is to entertain. The television networks and the sponsors of the programs are in business to make money. Sales are the life-blood of television and radio. Therefore, the programs must be popular. They must be planned for everyone, not for children or for adults alone. They must be planned to appeal to the largest possible audience. So the cultural and intellectual level of the program is beamed for the masses.

The family that would use television wisely must make their own discriminating choices. If the children in the family are too young to choose, the parents have a responsibility to supervise carefully and critically what their children view.

In one family the children worked out their own method for controlling objectionable advertising. When the chant of the tobacco auctioneer or the lilting melody of the beer ad began, the child closest to the television set turned down the sound till the

advertising was over. It was the family's way of saying, "That's not fit to listen to."

Miss Frances, formerly of "Ding-Dong School," suggests that one important decision that every family must make when they get a television set is "Where is the television set to be placed?" She advises that if there are small children in the family, it should not be placed in or near the dining room. The eating of healthful meals, the happy family fellowship around the table, and the viewing of television programs do not mix.

Families with older children and youth have found advantages in having a portable television set that can be moved from one area of the house to another so that all family activities do not have to stop because one member wants to watch television.

Another principle for the family that would use rather than abuse television is to discuss and evaluate the programs that the family watches; help your

For "Revolution in the Living Room"

Study Guide

1. Have a report of the article, "Revolution in the Living Room." Discuss the title of the article. In what ways has television changed your family patterns?

2. In preparation for the session, let each family study its own viewing habits:

a. How much time is spent per week watching television as a family? How much time is spent by each member of the family watching programs of special interest to him? Who spends the most time? Why?

b. What programs are most popular in your family? What programs do the children like best? The youth? The adults? What programs does your fam-

ily think are objectionable for family viewing? Why?

c. What is the appeal of the particular programs which the whole family enjoys? Do you tire of some programs? Why? What wholesome values do the programs you watch together encourage? What harmful effects do they have?

d. What is your family giving up for television?

3. Have several reports of the study of television viewing habits outlined above.

4. Have the group work out a typical family code for television viewing including time, standards for programs, and other considerations, such as home responsibilities and eating and sleeping

habits. This may be done using the role-playing technique. Divide the group into several typical "families," having some present the viewpoints of parents and grandparents, and others speak for the children of various ages in the family group.

Or, ask the parent in a family that has worked out a code for the use of the television set to report on his family's agreement and how it works.

5. Discuss:

a. What can we do about programs that we think are harmful? Has anyone in the group had experience in reporting an objectionable program to the station, the network, or the sponsor? What was the result?

b. What is the effect of the give-away programs on a family's attitude toward money? Toward gambling?

c. What is the effect of the casual acceptance of liquor and the use of tobacco in television upon family standards?

d. Can we justify good programs with bad sponsors? What should we do about them?

e. What problems does television present to the family without a television set? How can they be met and solved?

6. What would you do about the following situations?

a. There is an argument over whether the family should watch an exciting murder drama, the Walt Disney show, a news analysis program, or the wrestling matches. Each member of the family wants to watch a different program. You are the parents. What would you do?

b. The sub-teen in your home has a passion for entering every give-away, chance-taking program offer on television. What would you do?

children understand why some programs are wholesome while others are harmful. Help them discover why they like certain programs, and then decide whether or not the reasons are good. If the give-away programs have a fascination for the family, talk about the "something for nothing" philosophy of life, and decide together whether a steady diet of such programs will build right attitudes toward honest work and effort.

Your family council may want to work out a family code for television viewing, deciding on the number of hours, the programs to be viewed, the times when the family will watch together, and work out solutions to problems that may arise in your use of television.

Often families ask, "What can we do about the objectionable television program or harmful television advertising?" There is much that you can do. Let your judgments of the programs that you see and

hear be heard by the station, the network, but most of all, by the sponsor. Be constructive in your attitudes; but remember, your response is the barometer by which future programs are determined. While the networks like to hear complimentary comments about their programs, it is the critical letter that is placed on the program director's desk for serious consideration.

Finally, the best way to control the use of television in your home is to develop a resource-rich family that does creative, interesting things together—a family in which doing is not replaced by viewing. Television has been a part of the national culture long enough for us to have discovered that it cannot take the place of a good book, of a family story hour, of creative play, of family fun, and of family conversation. Television is just another area in which the family must choose, and we grow by making wise choices.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

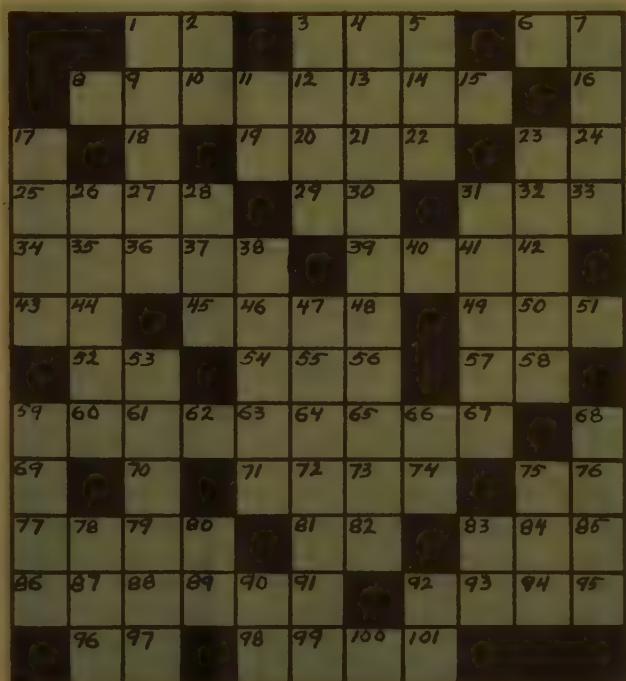
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A	Halloween broomstick rider	-----	3	33	67	47	1
B	Fish use them for paddles	-----	13	43	64	30	
C	The color of some of the squares in this Biblegram	-----	54	86	57	91	20
D	Very small, like Tim in a Christmas story	-----	34	76	44	74	
E	Opposite of "seek" in a children's game	-----	4	81	59	28	
F	Improperly curious	-----	69	87	58	22	
G	Greenish-yellow fruit used to flavor soda fountain drinks	-----	40	10	45	72	
H	Something to wear with a locket	-----	100	101	49	6	17
I	Good swimmers like to do it	-----	83	96	19	65	
J	Stubborn animal	-----	98	14	38	80	
K	To leap with the help of a pole	-----	71	70	46	93	26
L	Oxfords, pumps, sandals, and others	-----	66	62	95	89	94
M	Coat, vest and pants	-----	7	99	29	77	
N	What seals like to eat	-----	36	24	85	48	

O	False Gods	-----	84	51	5	15	90
P	Sudden burst of light	-----	31	75	18	41	12
Q	Greases	-----	42	60	27	82	
R	To beg or coax	-----	25	2	9	61	53
S	A comet has a long shiny one	-----	78	39	16	79	
T	Rest time in a football game	-----	55	92	23	8	
U	Direction from which Dancer and Prancer come	-----	88	56	73	11	35
V	Man who built the Ark	-----	50	63	32	52	
W	Destruction, or disgrace	-----	21	37	68	97	

(Solution on page 30)



A Mother's Day

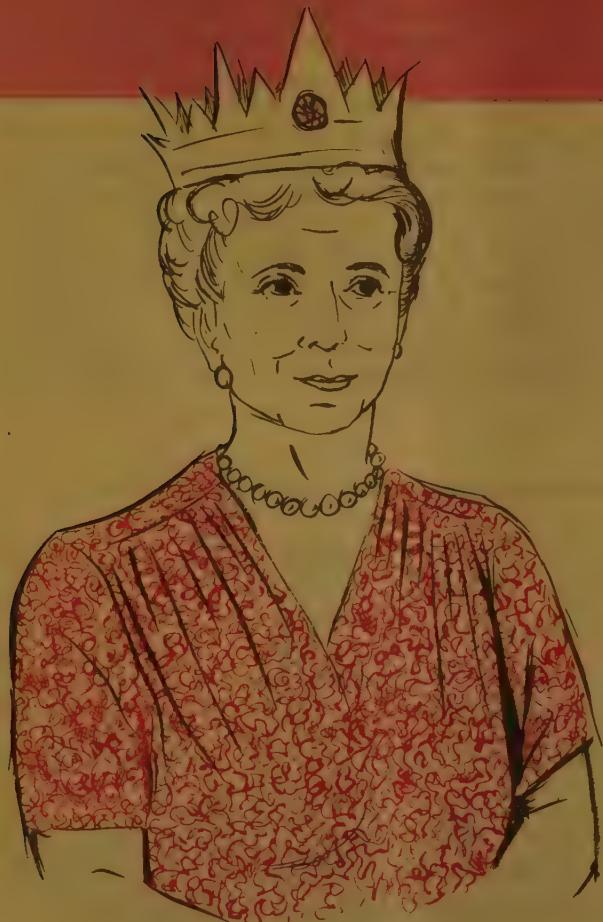


Illustration by Natalie Roten

To honor our mothers on their day,
This note is coming to you to say,
We're planning a party and want you to come,
There'll be games and music and lots of fun.
So make your plans now, and remember the date,
We hope you come early and stay quite late.

Date

Place

Hour

Pencils and paper are distributed to each one present, except the half dozen young people who are in charge of this guessing game.

Checking Up on Mother. A spokesman explains the stunt by asking, "What would Mother be doing if you heard this kind of sound?"

1. A baby crying.
2. An egg beater in action.
3. Ice clinking in a glass.
4. Sound of a vacuum cleaner in action.
5. Winding of a clock.
6. A telephone bell ringing.
7. The voice of a radio announcer.
8. Running water.
9. Shelling beans or peas into a pan.
10. A sound as of frying bacon.

These sounds should all take place behind a screen, curtain, or in an adjoining room with the door open but out of sight of the contestants. Several different answers may be given for some of the sounds, any one of which can be considered correct if it is a logical answer. Running water, for example, may remind one person of taking a bath; another, of washing the laundry or the car, or watering the lawn.

As the guests arrive, place a golden paper crown on the head of each mother. This is the first distinguishing act of the evening, and it puts the mothers in an honored class by themselves.

Next, see that they are comfortably seated, either in a group, or where they can be shown special attention. The entertainment for the entire evening should center around the mothers, and the rest of the guests can provide that entertainment. So while the mothers are chatting among themselves, the sons and daughters are busy arranging their schedule of amusements for this special event.

Party

by Loie Brandom

Still another may think that it sounds like water trickling out of a fountain or small waterfall. A token prize should go to the one with the most original answers.

Helping Mother Make the Beds. This is a contest in which the young people take part while the older folks watch. The youngsters are divided into two teams of six couples each, and lined up at one end of the room. At the signal GO the first couple (boy and girl) of each team rush to an adjoining room, and each couple returns with a folded army cot. Here they encounter the first obstacle as both couples try to get through the door with their cots at the same time.

As soon as the number one couple gets its cot unfolded and set up, they touch off the number two couple on their team, who rush to the adjoining room and run back with a sheet which they must put on their cot, smooth and in order. Couple number three goes through the same trick for another sheet; couple number four secures a blanket; couple number five gets the second blanket, and couple number six gets a pillow and separate pillow case which they must put on the pillow before it can go on the cot. The team whose last couple is first to return to its original place in line wins, providing their cot is equally neat and can pass inspection.

TV and Radio for Mother. This game is in the nature of charades and should be acted out in the same way. Pencils and paper are distributed to the guests, so that they can write down their guesses as to what programs the young people are picturing. Many current programs lend themselves easily for this purpose. To mention only a few we have, *The Big Payoff*, *Dragnet*, *Feather Your Nest*, *Lone Ranger*, *Stop the Music*, *I Love Lucy*, *Robin Hood*, *Topper*, *Name That Tune*, *Man Behind the Badge*, etc. These titles may all be acted out with the least amount of equipment and will provide good entertainment for both actors and audience.

Music provides pleasing interludes during the evening between games, and there are a number of songs like, "M-O-T-H-E-R Spells Mother," "Songs My Mother Taught Me," etc., which are most appropriate for this kind of occasion.

The following stunt is one that the mothers present do all by themselves. A funny poem with a lot of humor is previously chosen and cut into many parts of two lines each. At the proper time these slips

each bearing two lines that rhyme, are distributed to the mothers. The mother who thinks she has the beginning lines of the poem reads her two lines. The one sitting next to her reads what she finds written on her slip, and so on until all have read their slips. The results are most amusing. At the close of the game the complete poem should be read aloud so all can see what a jumble resulted.

Another jolly game in which the mothers should have the leading role is played like this: Cut numbers from an old calendar and give a number to each mother. The leader has a duplicate set of numbers with questions attached. Thus, if the leader calls a number and the question is, "Who eats too much?" then the mother having that number must answer, "I do." Some other questions with other numbers might be, "Who snores in her sleep?" "Who sweeps the dirt under the rugs?" etc. The ones having those numbers make fitting replies, the funnier the better.

A good guessing game for this occasion would be the following.

1. What book for youngsters has the word "mother" in its name?
Ans. *Mother Goose*.
2. What character in that book also has the name "mother"?
Ans. *Mother Hubbard*.
3. What mother lived in a shoe?
Ans. The mother who had so many children she didn't know what to do.
4. Who was the mother of our flag?
Ans. Betsy Ross.
5. Who was the mother of our country?
Ans. Martha Washington.
6. Name a famous "mother" statue.
Ans. The Pilgrim Mother.
7. Name a famous "mother" picture.
Ans. Whistler's Mother.
8. What mother foretold the future?
Ans. Mother Shipley.
9. What do the sailors call the birds named the stormy petrels?
Ans. Mother Carey's chickens.
10. With what is an oyster shell lined?
Ans. Mother-of-pearl.

The refreshment served may be very simple, but be sure that the mothers have not had to do any of the work of preparation. They will enjoy the evening better if everything can be a surprise.

● Art for the Christian Family

(Continued from page 4)

chance to bring out the artistic impulses within themselves, as well as to learn to appreciate and enjoy the work of professional artists.

Through all these methods—museums, pictures on the wall, scrapbooks, and in other and more creative ways, children may be helped to become aware of the great and fascinating world of art which is their heritage from the past. More important than knowledge of paintings, sculpture, and architecture; more important than the recognition of artists and the memorizing of dates, is the creation of genuine taste, enjoyment of art, and enthusiasm for it. These qualities are caught rather than taught. It is for parents to communicate them to their children.

● A Present for Jimmy

(Continued from page 21)

from his pillow, "that I can feel myself getting better all over."

Then when he knew that Buster was for him, it was all his mother could do to keep him in bed. After a while he went sound asleep with the puppy curled up beside him.

"That's so good for him," his mother whispered. "Thank you all. I know he'll get well now."

Clem and Trudy and Darla and Harry went home with happiness running along beside them. They were hungry for the good dinners their mothers had waiting for them. They hadn't eaten ice cream and cake, but it was the best party they ever had had!

● So Your Teen-ager's Going Camping

(Continued from page 12)

from home are in danger of failing to develop the independence that they will need in later life.

Some parents may be flattered by the fact that their child becomes extremely homesick year after year. But this type of homesickness shows that the parents have allowed him to become too dependent on them. Even though he is a teen-ager now, they still dominate him. They don't give him a chance to establish himself as a person, a free-willed individual created by God and made self-responsible.

The signs of being loved or rejected are often strangely interpreted by campers. To Martha, who stood at the camp gate watching other campers leave on the closing day, the fact that her par-

ents arrived last was a sign that they were putting off her return as long as possible. She loved camp, but she still needed the bolstering effect of being wanted at home.

What about the garbled reports parents get on camp? As one grandmother exclaimed, "Why, I thought Tom went to a church camp. But he never talks about religious things. All he talks about are silly camp songs and horseplay." This is not a surprising situation. Adults themselves are reticent when it comes to describing the innermost thoughts or the sacred moments of their experience. So, too, are teenagers. It is much easier to talk about stunt night or to sing a senseless camp song than it is to tell why God seemed present at a campfire or how the sunset colors gave one's spirit an inner glow. It is not necessary to pry these spiritual memories from the camper; they

are there, even if they have not been orally reported.

So your teen-ager's going camping! Well, make the most of it. It can be good for him and for the whole family. Anticipate new table conversation, widened horizons, and new interests when he returns.

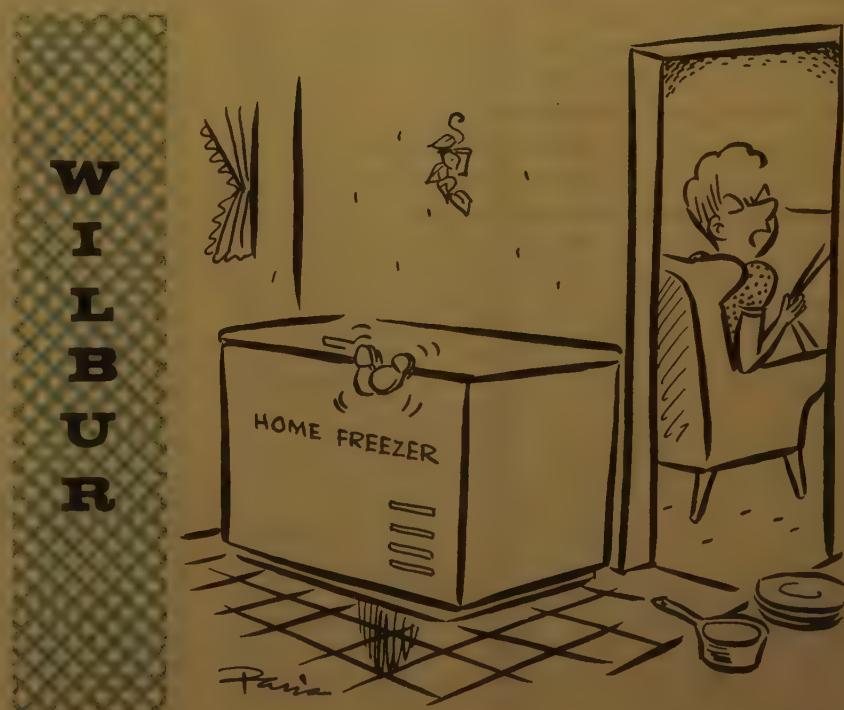
Rejoice at the opportunity that camp gives him to develop independence. Although you will find the house very quiet during the camp period, you will also find when camp is over that you, too, have been growing during this experience. You have been seeing your teen-ager more objectively, and analyzing his problems more discerningly. You will be a better and more successful parent when he comes home. Moreover, you have been making your first adjustment to the inevitable absences of your child which will come in the years ahead.

FLAIL RAIL — NEW TRAIL



A brand-new railroad train set,
Small boy who loves to whack;
And soon the little engine
Runs off the beaten track!

—Ina S. Stovall



"Wilbur! How many times have I told you not to slam the freezer shut?"



Family Counselor

WE HAVE a two-year-old boy. My mother lives with us. She works, however, and is home only on week ends. She idolizes the child and finds great pleasure in bringing him a gift every week end. It may be expensive or it may be a small, cheap toy. On birthdays and Christmas she spends a great deal of money on him. We feel this is bad for the child's character and personality development, as he now has more toys, expensive and otherwise, than the neighborhood children he plays with. We feel, also, that it is bad to pamper him so and teach him his grandmother must "buy" his love. He is a very sweet, affectionate child and we don't want him to become selfish or self-centered. On the other hand, we don't want to be selfish, either, and take away from my mother in her later years the chief happiness she now has. Thank you for your advice.

YOU ARE quite right, of course, in not wanting your child to be spoiled, and I am certain that neither does your mother. It is likely that the thought has never occurred to her that she is "buying" her grandson's love with her gifts. She is interested in him and takes genuine pleasure in bringing him something each week, which you realize. It seems to me it would be quite possible for you to talk to her about your misgivings without hurting her feelings. You might suggest that it probably would be better for your son if most of her gifts were small, inexpensive presents and that occasionally it might be well for her to bring nothing, so that your child will not always expect a gift. I certainly would not give her the impression that she must cease altogether in bringing gifts, however. Some of the happy memories of children are of grandparents who perhaps "spoiled" them a bit with small gifts. I should add, however, that the kind of giving you will encourage is not the kind that surrounds children with expensive gifts to the extent that they grow careless with their toys, assuming that grandparents will replace those that are broken.

Let me add, too, that there is no reason why you should not put away some of your child's toys, so that at no time would he have available for play many more toys than those possessed by the neighborhood children. In fact, this procedure by most parents of young children is desirable, as too many toys around are confusing rather than helpful.

MY FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD, an eighth-grader, dislikes her teacher. He has her do things in the room because she is older (four grades together). She plays the piano and does do better art work and so forth. This makes the other children dislike her and she dislikes him for it.

Am I old-fashioned in thinking personal problems shouldn't go beyond the home? This man teacher kept her after school the day she had to leave school. She had told the woman teacher and she in turn told him to let her go to her aunt's. He confronted her with it after school and made her feel embarrassed. He now keeps a calendar marked. I would like to clear up some of this confusion as he goes into high school next year, too. Of course, things will be different there and they now have personal facilities at school.

The thing is I don't like his being too boldly personal. He's made a few other remarks at school that don't sound necessary. Am I looking at this right?

YOU certainly are right in feeling that a man should not be, as you say, "too boldly personal" with his students. It would seem only fair to him, however, not to make a final judgment concerning him on the basis of remarks you may have heard that he made. You should remember, too, that your daughter is likely to be unusually sensitive at this time, and therefore may have been embarrassed by something that the teacher under no circumstances meant to be embarrassing or unduly personal in character. Let me suggest that you plan to get better acquainted with him, perhaps having him in your home for a meal. It may even be that you can talk with him about the fact that your daughter doesn't like always to be given responsibilities in the room, as other children tend to dislike her because of it. As you get to know him better, you can then judge whether or not he is a good influence in the school. You may also want to talk to the woman teacher about the situation and find out from her if she thinks the other teacher made remarks that should have embarrassed your girl after school. If you find that he does tend to be too personal, then it may be well to talk to the school authorities about it. But be sure of your ground before you do so.

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Donald M. Maynard". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a distinct "M" at the beginning.

● There Is Always a Martha

(Continued from page 10)

Over and over down the long line, Martha heard her own voice saying, "Thank you. I'm glad you liked them." Beside her Bill was first astonished, then pleased, and finally smug, downright snug.

Later in the evening when she and Bill had had time to shower and to change into formal dress, they entered the dining hall and were seated at the long banquet table. Now would come the trial by fire, Martha thought.

Following the invocation, the toastmaster, a scholarly looking gentleman wearing pince-nez, raised his hand to signal the first of the toasts.

"I rise to honor a 'certain woman named Martha who has received us into her heart,' and who, unlike the biblical Martha, is eager to be 'distracted with much serving.' To Martha Cooper, a lady whom we have long needed to know and who has made herself a loved addition to the class of 1927."

Martha's eyes smarted, and she blew her nose unashamedly. "Why, it's almost like family, isn't it, Bill? They like me—just as I am."

The reassuring squeeze of his hard-muscled hand was enough. This was a reunion, and she had "chosen the good portion which shall not be taken away."

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"He who is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much, and he who is dishonest in a very little is dishonest also in much." (Luke 16:10).

The Words

A Witch	L Shoes
B Fins	M Suit
C White	N Fish
D Tiny	O Idols
E Hide	P Flash
F Nosy	Q Oils
G Lime	R Tease
H Chain	S Tail
I Dive	T Half
J Mule	U North
K Vault	V Noah

W Ruin

● Special Party

(Continued from page 21)

"It means that when a mother and daddy need a little boy or girl and don't have any, they find a little boy or girl who needs a mother and daddy."

"And is that what happened to you?"

"Oh, yes, and isn't it wonderful! Mommy and Daddy asked God to help them find a little girl to love. Then they told an adoption place they wanted a baby, and then they waited and waited. Mommy said she sewed pretty dresses and things for me. Daddy built the little shelves I have in my room. They just kept waiting."

"How long did they wait?" Mary Jo asked.

"Mommy said they waited almost a year. One day a telephone call came from the adoption home, and they told Mommy they had a little girl who was five months old. She said the little baby needed a mother and daddy, and since Mother and Daddy wanted a baby, they should meet each other. So that is how it was."

"Was the little baby you?" Mary

Jo asked in a soft voice.

"Yes, it was. And Mommy held me and Daddy and I looked at each other. Mommy said I smiled at them, and Daddy said that meant we all liked each other, and I came with them that very day."

"When did you do this?" asked Mary Jo.

"Mommy says it is five years ago on this very day. That is why I get to have an adopted party. Mommy says birthdays are important to everybody, but that my adoption is more important to our family, because that is when we got each other."

Mary Jo's mother smiled and said, "I remember when you came to live with your mother and daddy. You were so sweet that I wanted a little girl like you. It wasn't long before I went to the hospital and came home with Mary Jo. You girls have been good friends ever since."

"This is better than a fairy story," said Mary Jo, as she put her arm around Jeannie.

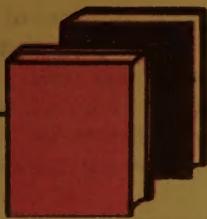
"Yes, it is," said Jeannie, "and it finishes just like one, too. Because we all lived happily ever after."

Marked Difference



When Junior uses colored chalk
To decorate the house or walk,
A little water will erase
The chalk from each emblazoned
place;
But when he uses *waxen* crayon,
His handiwork is apt to stay on!

—Richard Wheeler



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Children

A new book from the pen of Alice Geer Kelsey always is an event. **I Give You My Colt** (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., N. Y., 1956, 160 pages, \$2.75) is no exception. Jafar and Usa, two Kashgai boys who care for their father's sheep and goats, long for horses of their own. They dream and scheme about ways to get them. One day vultures attract the attention of the boys. Jafar goes down into the valley with the dogs in time to drive jackals away from a beautiful mare who is dying, and he finds a precious prize—a colt! The horse-loving boy soothes the dying mare, who seems to be giving him her colt. He carries it back up to the flocks and feeds it. The two boys decide not to tell about their find, and hide the colt in a cave. They keep silent even when an officer of the chief comes seeking the mare. When the cry of jackals awakens them in the night, however, the secret is revealed. How Jafar gets out of the difficulty he is in makes a thrilling tale of modern Persia for boys and girls 8 to 12.

For Youth

Young people of junior high school age will enjoy these books in the *Heroes of God Series* (Association Press, \$2 each). These are fictional biographies of Bible personalities. Two things should be kept in mind as the books are read: (1) They are fiction, and most of the action and practically all of the dialogue is largely imagination. (2) The characters are to be judged in the light of their own times and not by our standards.

Deborah: The Woman Who Saved Israel, by Juanita Jones and James B. McKenry (1956, 125 pages), is the story of the woman who became a judge-leader-warrior of the Jews. It begins when she was 14 years old and is an excitement-filled account of what might have happened during the tumultuous eleventh century B.C.

Elijah: Prophet of the One God, by Elma Ehrlich Levinger (1956, 123 pages), tells of that rugged prophet of whom the Bible gives a fairly full record. His uncompromising loyalty to his God is vividly portrayed.

Amos: Prophet of Justice, by Sara Jenkins (1956, 127 pages), is a thrilling account of the eighth-century prophet who is thought to be the first of the writing prophets. Half the book deals with an imagined youthful preparation for his calling as spokesman for God.

John Mark: First Gospel Writer, by Albert N. Williams (1956, 127 pages), portrays the possible life story of the unnamed young man of Mark 14:51-52, whom tradition has identified as John Mark, companion of Paul, Barnabas, and Peter, and the one who wrote the first of our four Gospels. It is an interesting story of the perilous times in which the church established itself.

Luke: Missionary Doctor, by Slater Brown (1956, 121 pages), begins the story with Luke's treatment of a British slave who was sentenced to the lions for being a Christian, but whose life was spared for his brave conduct in the arena, after being badly mauled by the lions. Young people will get valuable insight into the life and times of the early church in this exciting account of Paul's "beloved physician."

America's greatest outdoor sport provides the atmosphere for **Clean Up Hitter**, by Dick Friendlich (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1956, 176 pages, \$2). It is the story of a 19-year-old promising candidate for big league baseball, who almost ruins his career by his stubborn resistance to wise guidance. He learns his lesson before too late and earns his chance to "make the big time."

For Adults

Ralph W. Sockman, popular preacher on radio's National Pulpit, goes to print in a new venture in his **A Lift for Living** (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1956, 144 pages, \$2). Instead of a book of sermons this small volume is a collection of the best of his syndicated column which appears in a large number of newspapers under the same title as this book. It contains fifty-two brief messages gathered together under nine general headings such as, "When Spirits Are Low," "When Fears Invade," "When the World Is Too Much with Us," "When We Are Not Enough with the World," "When We Are Groping," "When We Run from Responsibility," "When We Are Cheating Ourselves," "When We Are Missing Too Much," and "When We Need a Manager." This inspirational volume with its forceful challenges may be read for personal help or may be used as the basis for devotional talks to adult groups in the church.

Novels based on biblical personalities find continuing favor with readers. Now we have **Saul's Daughter**, by Gladys Malvern (Longmans, Green & Co., Inc. New York, 1956, 241 pages, \$3). Here is the story of the romance of David, the shepherd boy who became a king, and Michal, the king's daughter who married a shepherd's son. David, however, is not the central figure in this novel. It is rather the story of Michal and all that she risked for the sake of the young man whom she loved against her father's will. The background and atmosphere of the book are quite faithful to the times in which the story is set, with a minimum of modern flavor intruding.

Readers will probably want to compare this novel with what the Bible tells of Michal and David. The whole story as told here is not in the Bible, of course. With this understanding, here is a good book for all who like semi-historical novels, as well as those who just like to read.

Over the back fence

● Not for Just a Week—

The observance of any special occasion involves a possibility that what should be continuing remains special.

May is the month when churches are increasingly recognizing National Christian Family Week as an extension of the older and more limited observance of Mother's Day. It was frequently remarked in special services honoring mothers that "every day is mother's day." This was in acknowledging the fact that neglect of mothers the rest of the year could not be atoned for by setting aside a single day in her name, and by giving flowers and gifts for the occasion.

So it is with Christian Family Week. This is not a one-week-shot-in-the-arm affair for the church. It is a 52-week continuing program if it is to have any vital significance. The church must become alert to the tremendous need that it has of the home and family if it is to have an effective program of Christian education. Indeed, it is not too much to say that even its program of evangelism will be greatly handicapped if the place of the home and its influence is not given adequate consideration.

As an illustration of this situation consider where most of our churches are weakest in their program of Christian education. (We speak specifically of the churches using graded materials.) For the most part they seem to think that Christian education goes on mainly in the church school, and are content with the thought.

Obviously, not much Christian education can be effectively achieved in one hour or so a week. What is done at formal church services and church school classes must be augmented and supported

by the week-long influence of home and family life. Only when this is done intelligently and in co-operation with church school teachers can sufficient impression be made on growing minds and lives.

One instrument of Christian education which is available but inadequately used to achieve desired results in this area is the leaflet called *Message to Parents*. These are provided for all ages up through juniors to guide parents in home activities that will supplement and reinforce the work at the church. Most churches, however, do not secure them for each family having a child in this age group. In fact, most do not use them at all. Even where they are ordered, the church frequently does not plan carefully to see that the best use is made of this valuable literature.

If you have children in any church school class up to and including sixth grade juniors, 11 years old, and if your church is using graded lessons, and if you are not receiving each quarter a *Message to Parents*, you have a responsibility to ask questions of the leaders of your church school. Indeed, you should demand that you and your children not be deprived any longer of this important help in Christian nurture.

● Mother Is a Stewardess

No, not on any of the major airlines. She is stewardess of her time and energy. If any of you mothers who read this are driven and harried by the multiplicity of demands upon you, secure the little book by Eleanor Bockelman, *The Stewardess* (Wartburg Press), and read its seventy-one pages to see what this author did about it. The eight brief chapters that she writes tell how she finally came to the conclusion that she needed some definite principles by which to decide when to say "no" and when to say "yes" to all these demands.

All of the answers will not be found in this or in any book. Here is a thought-provoking, earnest attempt to raise some of the questions and point the way to some of the answers.



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20

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